

ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Story of Twenty Years' Residence Among a Strange People.

BY PAUL P. DE LA GIRONIERE,
Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author, a young surgeon, while on a voyage, disembarks and resides temporarily at Manila. He makes a great reputation by curing a Spanish Captain, Don Pallas, of blindness, and falls in love with and marries Madame de Las Salinas, a beautiful widow. His wife's fortune, which was to come from Mexico, is lost. They repair to Tierra-Alta, a garden-spot of the islands, where the author cares for his sick wife until she is well.

CHAPTER III.

Naturally fond of hunting, I often went to the home of my native friend in the Marigondon Mountains. Together we chased the star, and killed the various kinds of birds which abound in these regions to such an extent that one may always choose between 15 or 20 different species of pigeons, wild ducks, and fowl, and it frequently happened that I brought down five or six at a shot.

The manner of killing wild fowl (a sort of pheasant) much amused me. We rode across the large plains strewn with young wood, on good and beautiful horses, broken in for the purpose; the dogs raised the game, and, armed with whips, we endeavored to knock the birds down at a single blow, which is not so difficult as might be imagined. When a number of the frightened flocks left the shelter of the wood we put our steeds to the gallop, and it became a veritable steeple-chase, such as amateur jockeys would much delight in. I also hunted the stag with the lance, on horseback; this sport is likewise very amusing, but, unfortunately, often attended with accidents.

This is how they occur. The horses employed are so well trained to the sport that as soon as they perceive the stag it is no longer necessary, neither is it possible, to guide them; they pursue the animal at the top of their speed, and leap over every obstacle. I have seen a horseman carry a lance seven or eight feet long, which he holds in readiness to cast as soon as he thinks himself within reach of the stag. He then starts with the lance sticks in the ground, and it then requires great skill to avoid coming in contact with the opposite end, which often wounds either the hunter or the horse. I speak not of the falls to which one is liable from going at a furious gallop along unknown and uneven roads.

I had already enjoyed this sport many of my first sojourn at the native's, but, well as I acquired myself, I was never able to gain his permission that I should assist at a chase far more dangerous, and which I might almost call a combat—that of the wild buffalo. To all my questions, my native replied that he would have much to tell me, but that he would not expose me to the risk. He avoided, also, taking me near that part of the plain touching upon the mountains of Marigondon, where the animals could generally be found. However, after repeated solicitation, I managed to obtain his permission. My faithful animal, which I had named "Lasso," accompanied me on these expeditions. I was a good horseman, if I possessed dexterity, and when he had satisfied himself on these points, he accompanied me, in the morning, accompanied by nine hunters and a small pack of dogs.

In this part of the Philippines the buffalo is hunted by a method which is different from that of the hunters of the Marigondon. The hunters, instead of using the lance, use the bow and arrow, and, in whichever case, there is little difference in the danger, for the hunter is required to be a good marksman, and the other much presence of mind and a good gun.

The wild buffalo is quite different from the domesticated animal. It is a creature, pursuing the hunter as soon as it gets sight of him, and should he transpire with him in the forest, he would promptly expiate his rashness. My faithful native was much more anxious about my safety than his own. He objected to my taking a gun, and preferred that I should merely sit on horseback, unarmed and unencumbered in my movements. Accordingly, I was provided with a dagger for my sole weapon. We divided our party by threes, and rode gently about the plains, taking care to keep at a distance from the edge of the forest, lest we should be surprised by the animal we were seeking.

After riding for about an hour we at last heard the baying of the dogs, and understood that the enemy was forced from his forest retreat. We watched with the greatest attention the spot where we expected him to break. He required a great deal of coaxing before he would show. At last there was a sudden crashing noise in the wood branches, and a broken, young tree overthrown, and a superb buffalo showed himself at about 100 paces' distance. He was of a beautiful black, and his horns were of very large dimensions. He carried his head high, and snuffed the air as though scenting his enemies.

Suddenly starting off at a speed incredible in so bulky an animal, he made for one of our groups, composed of three hunters, who, in a moment, put their horses to a gallop, and distributed themselves in the form of a triangle. The buffalo selected one of them, and impetuously charged him. He passed by another of the natives, whom he passed in his furious career, wheeled his horse and threw the lasso he held ready in his hand, but he was not quick enough to miss his mark. Thereupon the buffalo changed his course, and pursued the imprudent man who had thus attacked him, and who now rode right in our direction. A detachment of three hunters went to meet the brute. One of them passed near him at a gallop and threw his lasso, but was as unsuccessful as his comrade.

Three other hunters made the attempt. Not one of them succeeded. I, as a mere spectator, looked on with admiration at this combat—at those evolutions, flights, and pursuits, executed with such order and courage, and with a precision that was truly extraordinary. I had often witnessed bull fights and often had I shuddered at seeing the tormented animal adopt a similar method in order to turn the furious animal from the pursuit of the picador. But what comparison could possibly be established between a combat in an inclosed arena and this one in the open plain—between the terrible of bulls and a wild buffalo? Fiery and hot-blooded animals, proud Castilians, eager for the fray, would never hunt the buffalo in the plains of the Marigondon.

After much flight and pursuit, hard riding, and imminent peril, a desperate hunter incited the animal's horns with his lasso. The buffalo slackened his speed, and then, turning his head, he stopped now and then to try to break the obstacle which impeded his career. Another native, not less skillful than his predecessor, threw his lasso with rapidity and success. The furious beast now plowed the earth with his horns, making the soil fly around him, as if anxious to display his strength, and to show what havoc he would have made with any of us who had allowed themselves to be surprised by him.

With much care and precaution the natives conveyed their prize into a neighboring thicket. The hunters uttered a shout of joy, for my part I could not repress a cry of admiration. The animal was vanquished; it needed but a few precautions to master him completely. I was much surprised to see the natives excite him with voice and gesture until he resumed the offensive and bounded from the ground with fury. What would have been our fate had he succeeded in

PAYMASTER CARPENTER. KENNETH MACALPINE. LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER G. B. HARBER. CAPTAIN PHILIP. DR. DUROSE. LIEUT. HARRY PHELPS. CHIEF ENGINEER ALEX. B. BATES.

OFFICERS OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

We present the reproduction of a photograph of the officers of the battleship Texas, the sister ship of the ill-fated Maine; she is at present with Admiral Sampson's fleet before Santiago de Cuba. The commander is Capt. John S. Carpenter, who has been in the ship since August, 1891. He is an old salt with 20 years' service to his credit. He was appointed to the Navy from New York in September, 1876, and became Lieutenant in 1882. He reached his present rank in March, 1893.

Lieut. enant-Commander Giles B. Harber is an Ohio man, appointed to the Navy in July, 1885. He has had 17 years' sea service and reached his present rank in September, 1893.

Lieut. Harry Phelps has been on the Texas since February of last year. He has been at sea 12 years of his official life. He was appointed to the Navy from New Jersey in 1876.

Chief Engineer Alexander B. Bates is a Marylander, and has been in the Navy since January, 1883. He has been in the Texas since August, 1891. He is a Georgian, who has been in the Navy since 1872.

Dr. William G. DuRose, the Surgeon of the Texas, is a Virginian. Appointed to the Navy in September, 1893.

John S. Carpenter, the Paymaster, in whom the blue-jackets all have an especial interest, was sent to the Texas in January of the present year. He was appointed from Kentucky in October, 1891.

shaking off or breaking the lasso! Fortunately, there was no danger of this. A native dismounted, and with great agility attached to the trunk of a solid tree the two lasses that retained the savage beast. Then he gave the signal that his office was accomplished and retired.

Two hunters approached, threw their lasso over the animal, and fixed the ends to the ground with stakes, and now our prey was thoroughly subdued, and reduced to immobility, so that we could approach him with impunity. With bows of their cutlasses the natives hacked off his horns, which would so well have served him had he been free to use them. Then, with a pointed bamboo, they pierced the members of the beast, and passed through them a cane twisted in the form of a ring. In this state of martyrdom they fastened him securely upon these two points, and led him to the next village.

Here the animal was killed, and the hunters divided the carcass, the flesh of which is equal in flavor to beef. I had been fortunate in my first essay, for such encounters with these shaggy sovereigns of the plain do not always end so easily. A few days afterwards we renewed the sport, which, alas, terminated with an accident of too frequent occurrence. A native was surprised by a buffalo at the moment the animal issued from the wood. With one blow from his horns the horse was impaled and cast to the earth, while his native rider fell near to it. The equality of the ground offered some chance of the man escaping the notice of his formidable foe, until the latter, by a sudden movement of his head, turned the horse over upon his rider, and inflicted several blows with his horns, either of which would have proved fatal but from the force becoming diminished in traversing the carcass of the horse.

Fortunately some of the other sportsmen intervened, and, with a few blows, compelled him to abandon his victim. It was indeed time, for we found the poor native half dead, and terribly gored by the horns of the buffalo. We succeeded in

declaration. He naturally inserted in his report that he was deceived; that the members of which I spoke was imaginary, and he succeeded in all this so well that the Governor, enraged, condemned me to a penalty of six piasters.

The following month I again brought forward the same soldier as being incapable of performing his duties. A commission of eight surgeons was nominated. Their decision was unanimous in my favor, and the soldier was accordingly discharged. This reputation not quite satisfying me, I presented an appeal to the Governor, who would not receive it, upon the strange pretext that the decision of the medical committee could not annul his. I confess that I did not understand this argument. This method of reasoning, if reasoning it was, appeared to me specious in the extreme. Why allow the innocent to suffer and the ignorant practitioner, who had contradicted my opinions and deceived himself, to escape? This injustice revolted me. I am a Breton, and I have lived with Indians—two natures which love only right and justice.

I had at the beginning informed Anna of the matter, and had asked her if she would reside at Jala-Jala. "With you I should be happy anywhere," such was her answer. I was free, then, to act as I pleased and could go wherever my destiny might lead me. I forthwith decided upon visiting the land that I had purchased.

I sailed on peacefully upon the Pacific, proceeding to the conquest of my new domain, and indulging in golden dreams, I gazed on the light smoke of my cigarette without reflecting that my dreams, my castles in the air, must evaporate like it. I could not form some opinion of my acquisition at a glance.

At length I arrived at Quinabutasan; this is a Tagal word which signifies "that which is perforated." Quinabutasan is situated on the lake of Bay, and the island of Talem from the continent. We stopped for an hour in the only native hut there was in the place, to cook some rice and eat our food.

This hut was inhabited by a very old fisherman and his wife. They were still, however, able to supply their wants by fishing. I chose my quarters in an occasion to speak of old Relempago, or the "Thunder," and to recount his history. When I was in the boat, I saw a sheet of water which separates Talem from Jala-Jala I came in sight of the new domain which I had so easily acquired, and I could form some opinion of my acquisition at a glance.

For the execution of this project it was necessary to find a faithful native upon whom I could rely. From among my domestics I chose my coachman, a brave and discreet man, who was devoted to me. I took some arms, ammunition and provisions. At Lepidan, a small village near the town of Santa Anne, I bought a small boat with three natives, and one morning, without making my project known to my friends, and without inquiring whether the Governor had placed me, I set out to take possession of my domains, respiring the vivifying and pure air of liberty.

I ascended in my pirogue—which skimmed along the surface of the waters like a sea gull—the pretty River Pasig, which issues from the lake of Bay, and reverses on its way to the sea the banks of Manila. The banks of this river are planted with thickets of bamboo, and above the large town of Pasig it receives the waters of the River St. Mateo, and the waters of the River St. Mateo, which I call the River St. Mateo, upon the left bank of the Pasig. Upon the left bank of the Pasig, I saw the ruins of the chapel and personage of St. Nicholas, built by the Chinese, as the legend I am about to relate informs us.

happy castaway, appeared to his wondering eyes, and with a stroke of a wand, like some benevolent fairy, changed the threatening crocodile into a rock, and the Chinese was saved.

But do not imagine that the legend ends here; the Chinese are not an ungrateful people—China is the land of porcelain, of tea, and of gratitude. The Chinese who had thus escaped from the cruel fate that awaited him, felt desirous of consecrating the memory of the miracle, and in concert with his brethren he built a chapel and a personage in honor of the good St. Nicholas.

This chapel was for a long time officiated in by a bonze, and every year, at the festival of the saint, the rich Chinese of Manila assembled there in thousands to give a series of feasts, which lasted for 15 days. But it happened that an Archbishop of Manila, looking upon this worship offered up by Chinese gratitude as nothing but paganism, caused both the chapel and personage to be unroofed. These harsh measures had no other result than to admit the rain into the buildings; but the worship due to St. Nicholas still continued, and remains to this day. Perhaps this arises from the attempt to suppress it.

At present at the period when this festival takes place—that is, about the 6th of November every year—a delightful view presents itself. During the night large vessels may be seen, upon which are built palaces actually several stories high, terminating in pyramids, and lit up from the base to the summit. All these lights are reflected in the placid waters of the river, and seem to multiply the number of the stars, whose tremulous images dance on the surface of the waters. It is an extraordinary sight.

In these palaces they give themselves up to play, to smoking opium, and to the pleasures of music. The peevish, a species of Chinese, who are called "Peevish," are where and at all times in honor of St. Nicholas, who is invoked every morning by throwing into the river small square pieces of paper, which are called "Peevish." These pieces of paper, which are called "Peevish," are thrown into the river, and are called "Peevish."

I sailed on peacefully upon the Pacific, proceeding to the conquest of my new domain, and indulging in golden dreams, I gazed on the light smoke of my cigarette without reflecting that my dreams, my castles in the air, must evaporate like it. I could not form some opinion of my acquisition at a glance.

At length I arrived at Quinabutasan; this is a Tagal word which signifies "that which is perforated." Quinabutasan is situated on the lake of Bay, and the island of Talem from the continent. We stopped for an hour in the only native hut there was in the place, to cook some rice and eat our food.

This hut was inhabited by a very old fisherman and his wife. They were still, however, able to supply their wants by fishing. I chose my quarters in an occasion to speak of old Relempago, or the "Thunder," and to recount his history. When I was in the boat, I saw a sheet of water which separates Talem from Jala-Jala I came in sight of the new domain which I had so easily acquired, and I could form some opinion of my acquisition at a glance.

ON THE GETTYSBURG FIELD.

A Visit to Cemetery and Camp's Hill by Pennsylvania Comrade.

Editor National Tribune: On a recent trip to Gettysburg Cemetery I have been to the great battlefield. This is the "Hill of Salvation," with its breastwork and cannon still remaining. Here the Union troops rallied, and here on the evening of the second day a desperate hand-to-hand struggle took place. Right here the Tigers charged upon our guns, and left hundreds of their dead and wounded upon the field. Many beautiful monuments are standing on this hill. The great statue of Hancock is on the very spot where he surveyed the field, and decided that Gettysburg was the place to fight the battle.

The cemetery of the battle is a great sight and object lesson—a great study for future generations. Opposite the National Cemetery, comprising over 17 acres. At the time of the battle it was a rough and rocky field. Gen. Howard had many guns planted on this spot and surrounded by shrubs. The heroic dead are buried in sections, each grave being marked by a granite stone. One regiment of heroes was in position at record other than a stone testifying to their bravery and devotion to the cause of freedom.

The old Evergreen Cemetery, adjoining, is very neat and attractive. The remains of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg, also lie here. The only female who fell during the battle, lies in the beautiful cemetery. The grave of Miss Wade, a young girl, who was killed by a shell, is a beautiful sight. The grave of Miss Wade is a beautiful sight. The grave of Miss Wade is a beautiful sight.

Leaving the beautiful cemetery, I tramped through this valley and was soon near another historic spot—Camp's Hill. Stevens' battery, which played such havoc with the Tigers, still remains in position at the entrance of the hill. We ascend the new observatory and view the surrounding country. The scene is perfect—an open book.

We descend and follow the new Government road, or line of battle, and view the remains of the battle, each telling its own story. The beautiful monuments—28th, 103rd and 14th Pa.—receive special attention, as many of our German friends boys were connected with these organizations.

Here, right here, our old friends and comrades, Lieut. Wm. T. Houston and Sergt. John N. Galt, who were in the 2nd Missouri, they loved so well. Here, in this woods, the old Gen. Greene, struggled against great odds. Lieut. Gen. Geary had a hard fight to regain his works, and the previous day, and here the Confederate Gen. Johnson lost a great opportunity to do us damage during our trains. Here the God of battle turned the tide, the Stars and Stripes soon again floated over the mighty hill, and the Union army was safe.

The historic Spangler Spring, so useful during the dark days of the Gettysburg campaign, is still doing duty, and here the pilgrims from the North, South, East and West stop and drink its clear water. A tablet in the meadow marks the spot where the 27th Maine, made a desperate charge, losing heavily. Six color bearers were killed and four wounded.

No place in this country is so inviting to me as this hill and its surroundings. The trees, the low flowers, the great rocks and boulders are delightful to look upon. A little rock was pointed out to me by a friend. It was the rock which was hit by a rebel bullet, and while in the act of locating the spot where Boice had perished, another comrade appeared on the scene. Strange to say, it was the same man who had been with me since the war. A reunion indeed! The two gallant survivors of the old 28th Pa. were now with William Atkinson, of Germantown, and E. T. Fife, of Philadelphia—Nathan K. Ployd, 119th Pa., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Breezy, sensible and finely illustrated, Outing for June is a number of interest to readers of varied tastes. Leading features include "Cupid on Wheels," a complete story, by Caroline Shelby; "The Yale Corinthian Yacht Club," by Frederick Conley; "Canadian Golf," by John P. Roche; and "The Atlantic Yacht Club," by A. J. Kenely.

The complete novel in Lippincott's for June is "Mere Folly," by Marie Louise Foul, author of "Daisy," etc.

New Music. Cuba Shall be Free. A rousing, patriotic song and chorus. Written and published by J. C. Briggs, Beverly, O.

AS THEY VIEW IT.

Veterans' Opinions of the Pension Question.

John C. Piper, National Military Home, Kan., writes: "The veterans who are on the rolls are the lucky ones. It seems almost impossible for those not on the rolls to get their claims allowed. The first two years after the act of June 20, veterans easily secured a rating of \$12 per month; now it is a difficult matter to get a rating of even \$8 per month. It is true that the Department is not dropping any from the rolls, but is very slow in adding to the number. I hope that The National Tribune will continue to fight for our cause."

H. C. Hopper, Co. K, 13th Ill. Cav., Witmore, Colo., writes: "I am in favor of a service pension of \$12 per month, and the discharge of a larger number of clerks employed by the Pension Bureau who are drawing large salaries."

H. B. Talarferro, Co. B, 1st La. Cav., Harrisonburg, La., writes: "The best way to settle the pension question would be for Congress to pass a service bill, giving every Union soldier a pension at an equitable rate. The Mexican veterans have long enjoyed such a pension. The average man, being fixed at 62 years. Numbers of soldiers of the civil war have passed that age, and the remainder are fast approaching it. It is nothing more than justice to place our veterans on an equal footing with the Mexican war soldiers."

W. H. Anderson, First Lieutenant, Co. H, 80th Ohio, Highland, N. C., writes: "In the May 5 issue of The National Tribune Capt. S. F. Moore, Co. H, 118th Ohio, suggests that the pensioners be allowed to contribute to tax their pensions 10 per cent. The revenue thus collected to be used in building a modern battleship or for other patriotic purposes, if deemed best. There is not the least probability of getting the unanimous consent of the veterans that their pensions be taxed for this or any other purpose, and while we regard the Captain's object as commendable, we do not believe it better to devise other means of building the battleship 'Veteran.' No doubt the Captain and other fortunate veterans whose circumstances would enable them to contribute without depriving themselves or families would prefer to donate the money as they see fit."

But so long as this Government has on its pension-roll the name of a poor old veteran of the war, it is a constant struggle to make the money and to make it. It has been doled out to him as a barrier to keep the wolf from his door, let not doubt the money and the weight of a finger on that point."

H. B. Talarferro, Co. B, 1st La. Cav., Harrisonburg, La., writes: "I do not agree with the suggestion in regard to Moore's Castle. You desire its destruction. I want our forces to preserve it intact, if possible, and after the island is Americanized, to make it a national monument of learning, and thus stand as a lasting monument to mark to all posterity the transition from darkness, ignorance and barbarism into light, knowledge and truth."

H. S. Millman, Co. D, 1st Neb. Cav., Hamilton, Texas, writes: "I would like to see all the old soldiers over 60 years of age drawing a service pension of \$8 per month, and those who are crippled more in proportion as they are disabled. Unless the pension business is changed from the Smithsonian and Loehrsen I can stay at home on election day."

One Good Result of the War. She-You don't see as many women cretins, wearing bloomers as you used to. He-Yes, I guess they are afraid of being enlisted.

A Devoted Wife—How She Saved Her Husband's Life. Jersey City Heights, N. J., May 3, 1896. Dear Sir:—My husband was ailing for years, and although he was a strong, robust man, he became so weak that he was unable to work. He also lost his hearing. He was a stone-mason by trade. Many a dollar we spent for doctors and medicine, but it seemed that nothing would do good.

One day a neighbor of ours referred me to a doctor in New York City, whom he recommended very highly. I called on him and stated all of my husband's symptoms, being careful not to omit anything. When he had told him all he shook his head and said, "I am afraid there is no further hope for him. You had better go home at once."

Frightened almost to death, I hurried home as fast as my feet could carry me. I did not know what to do, but in my despair I happened to remember a lady who lived at 100 Bleeker street, who had medicine which had cured a great many people. It was your DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. I made up my mind to go there and get some and give it a trial. I commenced giving it to my husband and soon he felt better. He had been so weak that he was unable to work, but now he is able to work again, all of which is due to the wonderful power of your DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. Yours truly, Mrs. Mary Schulz, 621 Germania Ave.

Some of the newspapers are gently wailing the incense toward Admiral Dewey's nostrils, that the Nation has never yet had a sailor President, though it has had 11 elected more or less on their soldier records. They argue that it is time to give the old barnacle-backs a trick at the helm of State.

WAR GOSSIP.

Skirmish Shots at Various Phases of the Struggle.

At the beginning of the war there was considerable talk about the way that Gen. Wesley Merritt, commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic, had his great command summarily shorn in two, and the bigger and more important part of it given to a junior officer. Knowing ones remembered that Gen. Merritt had once concurred in a recommendation by Custer for the dismissal of the present Secretary of War from the army—a most unexpected act, and to this day inexplicable. It was thought that the Secretary was using his position to "get back at him." Others attributed it to feeling existing between Gen. Miles and Gen. Merritt. Regular Army officers have always much to say about the harmful influence of politics in a volunteer army. They never say much about the pernicious cliques and factions which always exist in every standing army. But, no matter what feelings existed at the outset, Gen. Merritt has now a proud command that ought to satisfy his highest ambitions for distinction. The chances are that he will fill a large space in the public eye for a long time to come. No other American officer ever had an assignment to duty of such a character. It revives the memory of the old Roman Pro-Consuls. The nearest approach to it was when Gen. Scott was placed in command of the army invading Mexico, and when he had taken the City of Mexico became ruler of the entire country. But there was a great deal of politics in the Mexican war—not only large politics, but very small politics. The Administration was then partially hostile to Gen. Scott, and keenly alert to make a partisan advantage out of every feature of the occupation of the country. A "Paramount Commissioner" was sent with the army, whose business it was to get as much out of the war as possible for his party, and he constantly interfered and checked Scott.

Now Gen. Merritt goes to the Philippines with an absolutely free hand. He will have from 35,000 to 50,000 men under his command, and liberty to deal with a country inhabited by 8,000,000 people absolutely at his discretion. His only limitations are the laws of war and the necessities of the situation. He can do in all things entirely as he thinks best. He may make a reputation for himself similar to that Lord Clive made in Hindustan, and pass into history as one of the greatest Americans. At this moment he seems to have before him all great opportunities as ever came to any man. Well he will discharge himself of them can only be conjectured. He may leap into dewy grass as suddenly as Commodore Dwyer did, and we all earnestly hope that he will.

Our faith is that a well-trained, well-developed American officer is capable of doing, no matter what new and strange problems present themselves, and we shall continue to have that faith, unless there is a demonstration to the contrary.

So far American officers have always risen to the level of every emergency, and we believe that they will continue to do so. Gen. Merritt is of the best type of an American officer. He was born in New York, and appointed to the Military Academy from Illinois, graduating in 1860, the 22d in a class in which Horace Porter, Jas. H. Wilson, A. M. Randol, John M. Wilson, S. D. Ramo, and A. C. M. Pennington stood ahead of him. He was a First Lieutenant of Cavalry at the outbreak of the war, but came out a Major-General of Volunteers and Brevet Major-General in the Regular Army, with six brevets in all to his credit, gained as the commander of a brigade and division of cavalry, from Gettysburg to Appomattox. He and Custer were together all the time—Custer, showy, dashing and theatrical; Merritt, solid, steady and reliable. He resumed his position in the Regular Army as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and did good, steady, soldierly service in the Indian fighting in the West. He was appointed a Brigadier-General in 1887, and a Major-General in 1895, and both appointments were approved by the Army as fitting and well-deserved.

At the same time, I do not believe that there is a man in the world who will be called upon to learn nearly as much in the next three months as Gen. Wesley Merritt. In the first place, he is to take to himself a young wife, which is always a commendable education for a man of his age. Next, I suppose, he knows no more about the Philippine Islands, their people and conditions, than any other well-informed American, which is precious little. He is to go to a country about which three months ago everybody in this country and Europe, outside of a few travelers, merchants, sailors and geographers, was densely ignorant. He is to become ruler and military dictator to 8,000,000 people whose ideas, methods of thought and practice are as widely different from all those to which he has been accustomed as it is possible to conceive. He is to make his will their law, and devise ways and means to bring them in the shortest time to some sort of harmony with American ways. He has got to job before him, but I believe he is going to do it well.

In spite of the determined efforts of the Regular Army people to have it called a "trumpet," I notice that the boys and their officers will persist in styling it a "bugle." It is a "bugle" in the every-day camp talk, and even in regimental orders, and I am inclined to think that "bugle" it will remain. Bugle is the old, old English word, dating from the day when, as its name implies, it was made from an ox's horn, and called the shaggy, skin-clad British warriors to battle. Trumpet is the finer word, derived from the Latin, but, as usual, people prefer the common old words for every-day things to the sonorous Latin-esque terms.

The Minnesota boys, en route to the Philippines, beat their acquaintance with Orientalism in San Francisco, with a night study of Chinatown, under the direction of competent guides.

Their boasted fleet the mouthy Spaniards saw go. With loud bombast, Castilian farrago, And promises brash, The Yankees to smash, To finally scuttle into Santiago.

Some of the newspapers are gently wailing the incense toward Admiral Dewey's nostrils, that the Nation has never yet had a sailor President, though it has had 11 elected more or less on their soldier records. They argue that it is time to give the old barnacle-backs a trick at the helm of State.